

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo. sec. xxxvi.*

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

JUNE 20, 1839.

No. CLXXI.—NEW SERIES, No. LXXVII

{ PRICE 3d.
{ STAMPED, 4d.

THE LATE MR. MORI.

On Monday week we heard this distinguished musician lead the concluding concert of the Societa Armonica, with his accustomed ability; on the Tuesday evening we saw him—little dreaming it would be for the last time—occupying his usual seat in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre; this day we have followed his mortal remains to the grave!

Taken off in the prime of life, for Mr. Mori was no more than forty-three years of age, and in the full possession of his musical powers, it is no wonder that the suddenness of his death should have spread a general gloom over the musical circles of the metropolis. Whatever of envy, whatever of ill-will, whatever of just cause for discontent may have existed against him amongst his professional brethren—and whoso is clear of these let him throw the first stone—was at once silenced. The solemn warning came home to every heart. Regret for the premature loss of a highly talented man was the pervading impression; and it is equally honourable to the deceased and the surviving, that the members of his own profession, from the highest to the lowest, should have voluntarily come forward to pay the last sad tribute of respect to his memory.

Before giving the particulars of his funeral, which, so large was the assemblage, may be considered to have been a public one, we think it necessary to explain the immediate circumstances of his decease, which have as yet been very imperfectly made known. He had felt unwell on the Wednesday, complaining of a difficulty of breathing, as well as of a severe rheumatic pain in his loins, resembling lumbago, for which he was dry-cupped in the evening. About nine the next morning (this day week) he took a warm bath, from which he derived great relief. During the remainder of the day he was apparently much easier.

VOL. XIII.—NEW SERIES, VOL. V.

H

In the course of the day, he saw and conversed freely with many persons on business. He had even the strength to go through, with Sir George Smart, the tedious arrangements for the orchestra of the Oratorio at the Foundling Hospital, which he was to have led. But to him, and to him only, did he express such a feeling; he remarked when Sir George took leave, that "he thought his days were numbered." At night, so far were his family from entertaining the slightest apprehension that anything serious would occur, they all retired to rest, with the exception of his youngest son, Nicholas, who was playing in his father's stead at the Opera. But, about half past twelve o'clock, his daughters, who slept in the adjoining room, were alarmed by hearing a strange noise proceeding from his chamber; and, on calling for assistance he was discovered gasping for breath and completely insensible. He subsequently made, it was supposed, an effort to speak, but was unable to articulate a word. Meanwhile, his eldest son, Francois, had hurried to the residence of Sir James Clark, who promptly attended—but the vital spark was fled.

At the request of his family, Deville, the celebrated phrenologist, has taken a cast of his face.

Mr. Mori has left a family of five children—three girls and two boys—to whom he has been enabled by his professional industry to bequeath a competent provision. Rumour differs strangely as to the amount of his property; but, and we have good authority for so saying, we think that it will be found that he died worth about forty thousand pounds.

On opening the body, it was discovered that the origin of the indifferent state of health under which he had long laboured, and of course the proximate cause of his death, was an aneurism of the aorta.

Mr. Mori expired at a quarter to one on Friday morning, June 14th, in the forty-third year of his age.

This morning was the day fixed for his burial; and it was arranged that the private and professional friends of the deceased should assemble at the Hanover Square Rooms at half-past eight o'clock, and proceed thence to meet the hearse at the entrance to the Kensall Green Cemetery. The chief mourners proceeded in four mourning coaches in the following order:—

First Coach.—Mr. F. Mori, Mr. N. Mori, Mr. Lavenu, Monsieur Gosselin (the brother-in-law of the deceased.)

Second Coach.—Mr. Duffin, Mr. Anderson (the executors), Mr. Hatton, Mr. Hodson.

Third Coach.—Mr. T. Cooke, Mr. S. Appleby, Sir G. Smart, Mr. F. Cramer.

Fourth Coach.—Signor Dragonetti, Mr. Lindley, Mr. Novello, Signor Costa.

Pall Bearers.—Messrs. Willman, Wagstaff, Harper, Card, C. Mogford, Platt, Oury, A. Griesbach, Mogford, W. H. Ollivier.

There followed the principal members of the Opera and Philharmonic bands—Tolbecque, Nadau, Watts, Ella, Watkins, Griesbach, Thomas, Willey, Newsham, Newson, Patey, Richards, W. Cramer, Pigott, Wagstaff, Payton, Brown, Westrop, Blagrove, Hope, Jacobs, Webbe, Harper, E. Perry, Marshall, Moralt, Hill, Alsept, Kearns, Calkin. Rousselot, Crouch, Lucas, Phillips, Bonner,

Howell, Griffiths, Campanile, Barrett, G. Cooke, and Witton. Willman Lazarus, Bowley. Baumann, Godfrey, Talley. Harper, Irwin. Platt. Callcott, Rae. Smithers (2), Healey. Chipp, Card, Bates (2), Hancock, Hopgood-Presbury, Liverani, Estcott, Lyon, Bannister, Carte, Hayward.

And, in addition to the foregoing, we observed—M. Hausmann, Mr. Oury (Mori's oldest pupil), Mr. Blagrove, J. Balsir Chatterton, H. Phillips, Giubilei, J. Parry, jun., F. Chatterton, C. Salaman, W. S. Bennett, F. Lablache, Mr. Stockhausen, Sagrini, Negri, Forbes, &c.

Since Weber's death no professional man has been followed to the grave by so large a concourse of friends, public and private. Mr. Mori's mortal remains are deposited in the same vault in which his wife was interred but eight months since. We cannot better conclude this mournful account than with the warning playfully chosen by the deceased as his motto—*MEMENTO MORI*.

[In our next will be given, by special permission, a portrait of Mr. Mori from Mr. Deville's cast—being the only likeness of our late great musician ever taken, and a copious memoir from sources accessible to the editor of the Musical World solely.]

IN our last we promised to give the "Confessions of an Organist," and, aware that Mr. V. Novello is enthusiastically fond of all that appertains to his profession, we begged leave to call his attention to the circumstance. We must pray our readers to bear in mind that the individual confessing is now advanced in years, and that it is only of late that he has entertained the thought of making his infirmities known to the world. For our own part we had till recently entertained a very fair, at least a very charitable opinion of him. We have even gone so far, in order to do a christian turn by him, as to call him a gentleman and treat him as such. His conduct has sufficiently proved that this was an excess of courtesy in us; still we ever prefer turning to the favourable side of things, and it is only when forced to it, *bon gré, mal gré*, that we look to the darker. The "Confessions" will be found to be of a very desultory character, partaking in this respect of the man's present state of mind. It is well known to what an extent the latter is affected by the distemperature of the body, and the poor old man having been recently attacked with a violent and depraved appetite for *toad-eating*, no marvel that he should not altogether enjoy the *mens sana*. So far, indeed, has this conjunct aberration of mind and body carried him, that he has delusively imagined the best method of persuading one, whom he calls his friend, to believe in his devotion to his interests, has been to expose him to the world in a very ridiculous light, to call down upon him some very awkward remarks from the press in various quarters, and to involve him in unnecessary expense. The latter item, however, need not be carried to account if he is set down in this friend's will as his sole heir, it being obvious that he himself, in this case, must eventually be the loser by any little eccentricities of the kind. Yet we should think that the rumour of his toiling for the inheritance is unfounded. His daughter, now, might come in for it—which would be a less

gross and palpable mode of proceeding; and as he missed his game for her marriage with the German professor, here, we own, is a telling trump in reserve. But these observations are merely parenthetical, and now to the "Confessions."

We must premise that these are written very illegibly, and that frequent erasures occur, so that it becomes a difficult task to decipher them. They are, too, without any arrangement; and, like the writer's wits, have neither beginning, middle, nor end. For instance, in the very midst of the farrago, we find:—

"*Mem.*—I was born of poor but honest parents, and the night previous to my birth my mother dreamed that she was brought to bed of a cake."

Thus, likewise, the very memorandum with which these "Confessions" commence, plainly refers to a period at which the writer must have attained the age of manhood. It is entitled—

"*The unhappiest night of my life.*—A young friend of mine, organist to a Catholic chapel, not far from Sussex Street, and the name of the patron saint of which is familiar to the ear as that of St. Patrick, called me out of my bed at the dead hour of night, and made a revelation to me which had such an effect on my nerves, that from that time to this I can never think of it without being bathed in a cold sweat. It was at the time that high mass was ordered to be celebrated throughout all the Catholic chapels in the empire, and a solemn funeral service performed in honour of the murdered Duc d'Enghien. The ceremony was to take place over the kingdom on one and the same day, and the most imposing preparations were made for it. Whatever might have been the feelings of other mortals, looking forward to this grand occasion, they must have fallen infinitely short of the sensibility and acuteness of those of the organists, and great anxiety accordingly pervaded the younger portion of this musical body. My friend, a youth of the most refined organization, was more than usually excited by the event. Allowed to possess some talent, and not unnaturally thinking that he was gifted with much more than what the world allowed him, he expected this day to be the crisis which would establish his reputation on a high and secure basis. In fact, he was what I understand is termed, in the phraseology of the day, 'nuts on himself.' Judge then his state of mind, when he learnt that another organist, of the same standing, be it observed, as himself—that is, equally callow—had been invited to usurp his stool, and 'push him from his seat.' I listened to his tale, commiserated him, shed many tears, offered to write letters to him and publish them—the world knows my susceptibility of friendship—but, after a becoming space allotted to condolence, I ventured to inquire whether it was absolutely necessary for his own ease that he should disturb mine; whether, in fact, he could not have waited till the next day to pour his sorrows into my bosom, without pulling me out of my bed. 'My friend,' he exclaimed, the rushlight faintly illumining his haggard features, 'the organ—guilt—my conscience—' and here sobs choked his utterance. A suspicion, a terrible suspicion, shook my mind and convulsed my frame. The ceremony was fixed for the next day; the organ must have been already tuned—therefore! I had heard of such doings in the dark ages, when

the secluded cloisters nourished rivalries even more deadly than those which now set Tweedle-dum 'gainst Tweedle-dee. I started from my couch, hastily donned my nether garments and a great coat, and, assuring my friend that all should be set right ere day-break, hastened on my mission. It was a bitter winter's-night, and my thoughts were gloomy as the weather. I pitied, whilst I dreaded, that I should have to despise my friend; and 'thus chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,' I found myself I hardly knew how, at the house of the builder, and of course the tuner of the organ. Long did I ring, and long and loudly did I knock, when a window suddenly opened, and it was only by a prophetic presentiment which made me hastily jump aside, that I avoided a descending shower. Again did I essay the bell and knocker, and was greeted with a summons to the watchman to 'take the drunken scoundrel up.' At length I succeeded in making my name known, but not so my mission, for I could not exactly explain it myself. 'The organ,' was my cry—'it is tuned and be d—d to you,' my answer. However, the perseverance of my friendship (which has always been my rock a-head, or my best bower, as it may turn out to be if it doesn't *drag*), prevailed, and we repaired to the chapel together. It was filled with workmen hanging the walls with black for the solemn ceremony of the morrow, and the faint glimmering of the lights, and dull sound of the hammers, mournfully impressed my senses, and gave me a dismal foreboding of the discovery about to appal me. We borrowed a taper, ascended the loft, approached and viewed the organ—.

"Obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit."

"My friend had pinched the top of every pipe."

(To be continued.)

THE WAY TO GIVE CONCERTS IN AMERICA.

[The following is from a New York Miscellany, devoted to the same purposes as the "Musical World," and conducted with considerable ability.]

Embark from your native country with the well-fixed impression that the Americans have a superabundance of curiosity, credulity, and gullibility; this is important that you may lay your plan well. Think that they are eager to see and to hear any thing that is new; and that if it be unlike what they ever heard before (no matter how absurd—it must deviate from all *rule of right* or it can't be *new*), it will surely take. The Americans are an enterprising people, totally absorbed in the thoughts of *experiments, improvements, and new inventions*. They think that the *world*—i.e. this country—is making prodigious strides in knowledge, and that the *march of mind* actually goes by *steam*. Innovation and improvement are words now used as synonymous; and the same changes are expected to be made in the *fine arts* as have been made in the mode of picking, spinning, and weaving cotton, or in the propelling of land or water carriages; and such is the avidity with which every thing of a *labour-saving* nature is seized upon, that if you can show the principle to be applied to music, by giving them that which cost no *labour* of mind to compose—no *labour* of practice to perform—and which requires no musical taste to hear, then your fortune is sure. It must not show any marks of possessing method, or be such as can be set down to any distinct school; this would be considered as being behind the times—absolutely vulgar. Caradori can do as much as this; and she—bless us!—has made but little "improvement" upon the old style of a Mara, a Catalani, or a

Malibran. This will not do for America. The candidate for public favour here, must *improve* so rapidly that, even if he come over by steam, or a balloon, his style when he arrives here will bear no resemblance to that which he possessed when he left his native shore.

Being thus impressed, set out on your expedition of quackery. Proclaim yourself the "pupil of Rossini." If you have ever been a *chorus singer* in the Opera at Paris, you can do this with the greatest propriety; for Rossini, while he was bringing out his operas, must have given you such *drillings* as your stupidity made necessary. Publish a book and dedicate it to the Queen, to bring along with you—let it purport to be a Treatise on the Art of Singing; give it an Italian title by all means. In doing this, you will of course copy it all from other books; and if you take *fifty* pages direct from "Rodolph's Solfeggio," and twelve pages from the published works of various other authors, say nothing in your title or preface about Rodolph—let that part of the book be taken as your own; and for the other selections, announce them as "Exercises on the Solfeggio, from *original manuscripts*, by Rossini, Reghini, Mozart, jun., Zingarelli, Meyerbeer, and other masters." This will give you a distinguished reputation; and although "Rodolph's Solfeggio" may have been published entire in this country, and the published methods of Rossini, Reghini, &c., from which you take your "original manuscripts" may be in many a musician's library, it will not affect you. That class of the community which you must depend upon to crowd your concerts, and the editors whom you will get to puff you into notice, know not of the existence of such works. And if in attempting to improve Rodolph by writing out the harmony where he has given only a figured bass, you should commit the grossest errors, and show to the profession that you are ignorant of the first principles of composition—no matter. What do those who will support you know about harmony? And if a musician expresses his opinion, you can easily make your friends believe that it "springs from envy." Keep up your reputation as an author by accrediting the songs which you sing, as taken from an opera of your own composition. No matter if there be no such opera in existence—it may be considered as unpublished; and even if the very songs are stolen from other authors, note for note—shrink at nothing; a good amount of impudence is sufficient to surmount all difficulties. Announce likewise an Oratorio as being forthcoming—hypocritically work yourself into the good esteem of religious persons, by representing (not as perfectly as might be) the death of a "sceptic;" this will be a decided hit. The oratorio (or *thing* which may pass under the name) you can complete—there is material enough in the world to make any sort of a composition; and although three-fourths of it be taken in "whole cloth" from other authors, and the remaining part made up of patch-work, who will know it? You can easily find ignorant persons enough to help you bring it out—fools enough to pay their money to hear it—and knaves enough to puff it, if you will pay them. Then your name will be recorded on the same page with Handel, Haydn and Spohr, as an oratorio composer! Let not any part of your *thing* be published, lest the critics get hold of it and think proper, as it is called an *oratorio*, to give it a reviewing; this would be carrying your humbugging a step too far. As for such *small fry* as songs, you may publish them. If it be a song not very well known, and the author of it be dead, call it your own composition at once. If it be a popular song by a living composer—Loder, Phillips, or any other—put in the author's name in *small letter*, and contrive to insert your own name in *glaring capitals* three or four times—once in the fac-simile of your hand-writing. This you will do as the *arranger* of the song—(put "*arranged*" in small letter)—you can easily arrange the song; no matter how injudiciously it may be done, only introduce a few *tiddle-tumtees*, and after hearing you sing and play it at your concerts, the public will say that the original accompaniments are "mere senseless and unmeaning thrummings," in comparison with yours.

When you announce your concerts, send at least one hundred and fifty tickets to the press—dine with the editors—call upon all lovers of music who don't know you—talk about the superior advantages of being *educated* in Italy—(if you was ever a music copyist there, that is sufficient)—having a medal made for the purpose, show it as being awarded at Naples for writing the best opera—[ha! ha!]

—(don't laugh—it will all go down)—say that you can speak six foreign languages as well as you can your own—(this may be all true, especially if you murder the King's English when you write it, and give it the Yorkshire caterwaul, "*yeeawooo*," when you speak or sing it)—tell every thing that you did not do in Paris; but don't say that you was a chorus singer in the opera. In regard to London, where your reputation must have arrived at its climax, represent yourself as the "teacher of Her Majesty" If the inquiry be made why you left such an elevated position to take up your residence in Montreal and Rochester, say that the extravagances in living—such as the support of livery, giving parties, &c., &c., consequent upon being the preceptor of so royal a personage—were not congenial with your retiring disposition; and therefore you sought relief in the quietude of the country. Don't mention that you ever *played* in a Theatre or Circus, lest the editor of some Journal of Commerce should fancy that the "atmosphere" you had breathed was such that you "cannot feel at home" in sacred music. Pretend that you can write for the orchestra; and promise to arrange one of your songs for Mr. Jones to sing at the Park. Put him off with promises until he finds you out and cuts your acquaintance.

While you are introducing yourself among the people to secure a good attendance at your concerts, give to a friend who has a wife and daughters *one* ticket, and he will be under the necessity of buying several more; be sure to give away enough to fill the concert-room if you feel doubtful of your hold upon the public favour. This will cause a jam, and give you an opportunity to repeat your concert, and to announce that "those who purchased tickets for your first concert, and were unable to get admission, will be admitted with the same at the second;" (this will be all *hum* of course.) Never sing with the *orchestra*, or with *another* to accompany you; for if you do, your *deficiency* as a musician will be discovered, and the cat let out of the bag. When you are encored in a song by your friends employed for the purpose, introduce some comic song—"The cork leg," "Why don't the men propose?" "The lion and the jackass"—(the latter will be excellently chosen, for you can personify both characters at once)—and other such *morceaux* with which you entertain the *men of taste* that you are in the habit of associating with.

If you go into a city or a small town, where they want a teacher to reside with them, tell them that you will be the man; make a contract to conduct the music in one of the churches, and to teach in some seminary of young ladies. This will bring you into the favourable notice of the people who take an interest in these arrangements, and you can thus get the church for your concerts free. Carry this imposition as far as it will bear, and then make a sudden exit without paying your bills.

Get some credulous and generous publisher to *puff* you into notice by publishing your "Treatise on the Art of Singing," and your songs which you give him in manuscript, with the copyright. If one song should happen to be popular and sell well, go and sell the copyright to another publisher, and then say that the same had been previously published in England. When one publisher finds you out to be a dishonest man, go to another—if he sees any prospect of gain, he will bite at your bait.

One thing had like to have been forgotten: you must become a *poet*—at least, you must get the reputation of being one. You must have it said of you in the newspapers (those faithful reporters of the *prices current*, or true valuation of the works of literature and art), that your "*poetical like your musical genius seems to have no limit*." Think you this to be impossible?—you have no *knack* at poetry, say you, nor can you even write prose? Poh! 'tis the easiest thing in the world; make your poetry as you do your music. Procure Milton, Pope, Campbell, and Byron, and open them all before you; take a line here and there, from this that and the other, introducing occasionally one of your own; in this way you can even write the *poem* for an *oratorio*. This will procure for you fame as durable as life—nay more—

("Life's but a *shrub*—eternity a *tree*!")

your fame will be like a *tree*.

Finally, practice every sort of trickery and deceit that you can think of, and so long as your *brass* holds out, you will succeed in gaining full houses; be considered as the "only man who can give a concert alone"—a "model for all to listen to who undertake to sing in churches"—[ha! ha!]
—(don't laugh)—by which they would "learn to lose [forget] themselves in the elevation of their themes"—and then you can return to Europe with a handsome fortune.

Now you *may laugh*—at the gullibility of the Americans—the easy practicality of making *charlatanism* succeed where genuine talent is neglected—and enjoy for the rest of your life the fruit of your daring impudence and imposition. You will have proved that the advice which Sir James Macintosh gave to Campbell, the poet, was admirably pertinent.

Campbell had been writing a course of lectures upon English literature, which he delivered before English audiences with great success. Having a wish to visit the United States, he conceived the project of making a *tour*, and paying his way by delivering his lectures in our cities. This plan he broached to his friend, and asked his advice. Sir J. told him that a tour through the States would be of great benefit to him, and that if it were practicable he would advise him to make it; but in regard to your *lectures*, said he, "I advise you to leave them behind; or, if it needs be that you make your support in any way, sell your lectures here and purchase a *hurdy-gurdy and monkey* to take along with you—this will be the surest way of making money in America."

THE STUDY AND OBSERVATION OF NATURE, CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO MUSIC.

(By MR. JAY.)

It is related of an elderly lady, whose piety and discretion were supposed far to outweigh all her pretensions to intellectual acquirements, that she preferred rather to be *blind* than *deaf*. "Indeed!" said an observer—"and why do you prefer it?" "Because," said the good woman,—and her eyes, mild as they always were, kindled up with fervency at the question—"because, if I were *blind* alone, I should still enjoy the pleasure of hearing my favourite minister preach."

I remember this story, perfectly authentic as I believe it, because it discloses to my mind, the fact, that there are, in the material and animate world about us, sources of the richest and most varied pleasure resulting from the harmony of *sound* and the melody of the *voice*.

In the inimitable description of loneliness given us by Cowper, who does not remember, with deep and affecting interest, the following stanzas?—

"I am out of humanity's reach,—
I must finish my journey alone—
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own!"

How perfect his description of his lonely habitation! but when to the solitude and utter want of every form or semblance of human beings, he adds in his own peculiar way, that henceforth he must miss the sweet sound of the *human voice*, how cheerless and alone does he seem to us! No one can be insensible of the richness and beauty of certain tones of the voice, which convey to us not only a musical, but a moral and a humane expression. I had almost said it is impossible so to disguise the voice as to convey a meaning not intended by the speaker.

I am delighted to listen to the voices of children, recreating and refreshing their spirits with their boyish sports, and calling or answering one another in all the hilarity and careless gaiety of youth. There is music to me in the very sound of their voices—full, fresh, and free, as they come ringing on the ear, and awakening in the hearts of the listeners, associations too painful for utterance, and yet too sweet and too sacred to be forgotten. We seem to say to them,

"Play on, play on,—I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrills of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing."

I have seen a happy group of deaf mutes amusing themselves in all the sportiveness of lighthearted creatures; but the clear and thrilling sound of the voice was wanting to perfect the picture of youthful happiness.

It seems to me that Providence has guarded especially for the enjoyment we may derive from the sounds occurring to us every day.

The Rural Sounds referred to by Cowper in the "Task," how beautifully are they described! and yet to the very limited number he has introduced and endeared to us by the charms of his song, how indefinitely may one go on, adding sound to sound, combining the beauty and richness of each with the united melody of all, till all animated nature shall be revealed in its harmony before him!

It is remarkable how beautifully the effect of sounds (rural sounds I mean) may be heightened by our familiarity with them. Who has not pleased himself with a lonely walk where the Katy-did makes vocal the air with its merry and careless song? Whose feelings have not been repeatedly enlivened and re-assured by the gentle, but quickly successive sounds of the grasshoppers—skipping in their gladness all around him, starting up wherever he treads his foot, and telling him, as plainly as they can speak, how kindly Providence hath laid in store for the happiness and enjoyment of all?

And who has not felt his passions suddenly, but not with abruptness, checked in their career, and he himself brought most seriously to pause and reckon with his own heart,—when he has walked where the plaintive cricket alone could be heard, repeating in a monitory but not reproachful tone, the tale of the listener's faults, and kindly urging him to amend his life, and walk in the path that was peaceful and pure?

I knew a school-boy who used sometimes to squander the hour allotted for his evening task, in thoughtless conversation, or listlessness or play. "Often," says he, "when I waked at night, stillness and beauty and repose everywhere around me, would the quiet and unobtrusive, but reproachful, song of the cricket attract my attention, and so hold me in fearful suspense by his repeated tales of my remissness of duty."

The music of birds has been so frequently remarked upon, that scarcely any thing new may now be expected to be said of it. And yet I much doubt whether, even here in this moral and highly intellectual community, we appreciate fully, if at all, the pleasure derivable from that simple source. In that beautiful oriental poem, the Canticles, so full of nature and of love, we find allusion to this subject in language highly beautiful, even in the translator's dress. From our own vivid recollections of childhood, we may learn something of the effect the music of birds produces on minds unsophisticated and unwearyed by the artificialities and the cares of life. I remember in one of Mr. Tennyson's beautiful poems—"New Year's Eve"—he introduces a country girl, wasting away with consumption, and expecting soon to die. Her home was among the lowly and humble and obscure in life, but her mind was keenly alive to the pleasures of the country, to its beautiful sights and its still more beautiful sounds. But from these she was soon to be called away. Observe how sweet, how submissive, and how plaintive her language.

"The building rook will caw from the windy, tall elm tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,—
And the swallow will come back, with the summer, o'er the wave
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave."

That the voices, no less than the conduct of birds, are indicative of their emotions, all will admit. And then this fact admitted, what an interesting field of thought and speculation opens before us! *Birds have emotions!* Yes, doubtless the tones of their voice, no less than the quick glancing of the eye—the fluttering of the wing—the throbbing of the breast—the activity of the whole body, plainly denote it!

I am delighted with the anecdote Wilson has given us of a wounded woodpecker. "The bird," says he, in reference to one he had taken, "was only wounded in the wing, and on being caught uttered a most piteous note, resembling the crying of a young child, which terrified my horse so as nearly to have cost me my life. It was distressing to hear it. In passing through the streets, its af-

fecting cries surprised every one within hearing, particularly the females, who hurried to the doors with looks of anxiety. * * * On my return to my room he set up the same distressing shout—he had been attempting to escape. * * * While engaged in taking a drawing of him, he cut me severely in several places, and displayed such a noble and unconquerable spirit, that I was frequently tempted to restore him to his native woods. He lived with me nearly three days, but refused all sustenance; and I witnessed his death with regret."—*New York Musical Review*.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

HER MAJESTY'S CONCERT.—The second grand concert given by Her Majesty this season took place on Friday evening last at Buckingham Palace, which was attended by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, H.R.H. the Princess Sophia Matilda, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, nearly all the foreign ministers and their ladies, and a distinguished assemblage of the fashionable world. The music, under the direction of Signor Costa, was entirely vocal, and consisted of the following selection:—

PART I.—Trio, "Alma infida," Mad. Grisi, Signori Rubini and Tamburini (Roberto Devereux), Donizetti. Duo, "Ah! si fa per gl' occhi miei," Mad. Persiani and Sig. Rubini (Guillaume Tell), Rossini. Duo, "D'un bell' uso," Signori Lablache and Tamburini (Turco in Italia), Rossini. Aria, "Io l'india," Madlle. Garcia (Torquato Tasso) Donizetti. Duo, "Tu non sai," Mad. Grisi and Sig. Rubini (Marino Faliero), Donizetti. Aria, "Prendi per me sei libero," Mad. Persiani (Elixir), Donizetti. Quartetto, "Ecco quel fiero istante," Mad. Grisi, Madlle. Garcia, Signori Rubini and Tamburini, Costa.

PART II.—Trio, "Papa aci," Signori Rubini, F. Lablache, and Lablache (Italiana in Algieri), Rossini. Duo, "Bali Immago," Madlle. Garcia and Sig. Tamburini (Semiramide), Rossini. Aria, "Vivi ingrato," Mad. Grisi (Roberto Devereux), Donizetti. Barcarola, "Io son ricco," Mad. Persiani and Sig. Lablache (Elixir), Donizetti. Aria, "S'io vo in campo," Sig. Rubini (Malek Adel) Costa. Duo, "Lasciami, non t'ascolto," Mad. Persiani and Madlle. Garcia (Tancredi), Rossini. Duo, "Ugo, Ugo," Mad. Grisi and Sig. Tamburini (Parisina), Donizetti. Quintetto, "Ah! m'illuse," Mad. Persiani, Madlle. Garcia, Signori Rubini, F. Lablache, and Lablache (Zelmira), Rossini. Pianoforte, Sig. Costa.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—On Monday, the third annual concert of the pupils of this institution took place at the Hanover Square Rooms. The following is the programme presented on this occasion:—

PART I.—Chorus (MS.) "Cum sancto spiritu," Lewes. Aria, "Deh per questo istante," Miss Pennington; Mozart. Song (MS.) "Know'st thou the land," Miss Dolby; C. J. Read. Concerto (MS.) Pianoforte, F. R. Jewson. Aria "Se Romeo" (I Capuletti), Miss Edwards; Bellini. Introduction and Scena "L'Eroe di Lancastro," Miss Dolby; Lord Burghersh. Between the parts, Quartett, (MS.) for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. G. Richards, S. Smith, Dunsford, and Goodhan; R. Barnett.

PART II.—Overture, "The Wood Nymphs," W. S. Bennett. Arca, "Forse un destin" (Parisina), Miss Foxall; Donizetti. Fantasia (MS.) Violin, S. Smith; S. Smith. Madrigal, "Thyrsis," J. Bennett, 1593. Invocation and Scena, "L'Assedio di Corinto," Mr. Stretton; Rossini. Leader and Director of the Orchestra, Mr. F. Cramer; Conductor, Mr. C. Lucas.

In addition to the above, the "Dead March" in Saul was played as an honourable tribute of regret for the untimely loss of Mori. Of the MS. productions, we were most taken by the first on the list, which augurs well for the yearnings and taste of the young composer, Mr. Lewes; and of the vocalists, all females, with the exception of the choristers, we are inclined to think that Miss Edwards presents the most promise of future excellence. Of course these concerts are rather to be considered in the light of school examinations, than as courting the ordeal of a high criticism. Sterndale Bennett, indeed, is beyond the pale of the initiative—but we have already had occasion to speak of his overture of "The Wood Nymphs." We must not conclude, however, without paying our tribute of praise to R. Barnett's quartett, which was well played, and contains some very pleasing writing; nor without mentioning that Lord Burghersh's *scena* was hailed with loud and merited applause.

EIGHTH PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The usual tribute to a deceased member of the Philharmonic Society preceded the performances of the evening; the solemn and impressive "Dead march in Saul," being executed by the brother members of the late distinguished leader, poor Mori! Spohr's *sinfonia* in C No. 3, which opened the first act is replete with elegant *motivi*, more novel in their treatment, less monotonous in their repetition, more free from

plagiarism, and exhibiting more of the pleasing features of this luxuriant harmonist than are found in any, perhaps, of his other orchestral compositions. The introduction is imposingly grand, and the first allegro, abounding in imitative passages of double-counterpoint, with basses and violins, relieved by the composer's usual happy combination of wind instruments, never flagged, and was highly relished by the audience. A flowing cantabile in six-eight time, most deliciously expressive, contains a secondary *motivo* given to the whole of the violins on the fourth string in unison with the violoncellos which produced a splendid effect of "broad-colouring." The minuets had been more acceptable with a dash of the more fanciful writing: in these movements of three-four accent, for the lightsome melodies of Haydn, and the exquisite simplicities of Mozart, Spohr has substituted subjects too gloomy, too harassed in treatment, and too much lengthened for their situation of contrast in the orthodox design of the grand sinfonia. The last allegro, the best of all the movements, has a bold subject well worked out in imitations and fugue, with admirably effective syncopations of sustained harmony occurring, now and then, for the wind instruments; but the double-counterpoint of an episodic subject with its pleasing accompaniment, alternating betwixt violins and basses, was the choicest and most exquisite *morceau* of the composition. Whatever may be the usual fault of Spohr's music (and its monotony is one of its greatest), yet we cannot deny that its scoring is beautifully adapted for the several instruments of the orchestra—however chromatic its passages, however crude its harmonies; by a careful execution, all parts blend smoothly together, and in justice to this performance, we must say, that the band did its duty well. Of Beethoven's sinfonia in B flat, which opened the second act, we feel ourselves unable to speak in terms of sufficient admiration. To point out every new thought and new combination, and to enumerate the beautiful effect of its most touching melodies and daring instrumentation would impose on us the task of analyzing every bar from the first note to the last. It gives us infinite pleasure to award our most unqualified approbation of the execution of this master work of genius and science! There are certain impressions indelibly fixed in our minds from hearing the sinfonias of Beethoven on the continent, which are sometimes painfully disturbed by a wrong conception of the time under the *mis-*control of some of the conductors of the Philharmonic Concerts; but we rejoice to say that all our associations were awakened to fresh enjoyments by the true interpretation of the composer under the sympathetic influence of the conductorship of Moscheles on this occasion. The overture to "Fidelio," was equally spiritedly and effectively executed: the second overture, by A. Romberg, "Le Rovine de Paluzze," was not worthy of terminating so unusually good a performance. Döhler, a disciple of the *tours-de-force* school of Thalberg, played his fantasia on subjects from Benedict's charming opera, "The Gipsy's Warning." The variations exhibited the wonderful mechanical dexterity of this pianiste to great advantage, and if they failed to excite the same degree of pleasure as similar compositions performed by a Thalberg, yet their execution demand physical powers no less extraordinary! Döhler has evidently made progress in his playing: the rapid articulation of his scales and octaves were astonishingly well achieved. To our taste these exhibitions are more wonderful than pleasing; yet we applaud the intention of the directors to make us acquainted with the unbounded—unlimited wonders of art! Blagrove played an adagio and first movement of a concerto by Mayseder, in D. The excellencies of this young violinist are so well known that it would be superfluous to notice them at length; his tone is full and clear, his intonation faultless, and his execution of difficulties void of affectation; his is downright *legitimate* fiddling; let him but choose good music, and we shall always listen to him with more pleasure than to others possessing more poetical fervour but who display their talents in the extravagant caprices of the modern school! A Madlle. Meerte, with a beautiful, powerful, and flexible mezzo-soprano voice, with full chest notes and clear falsetto extending to B above the lines, made a favourable *début* in Mercadante's aria, "Se m'abbandoni." The grand scene, "En vain j'espere," from *Robert le Diable*, gave Madame Dorus another opportunity of captivating the audience by the *naïveté* and surprising execution of her singing. Signor Mario in an air, "Suono funereo," from *Il Crociato in Egitto*, by the same composer,

displayed his pleasing voice to great advantage. The grand trio from the finale of *Robert le Diable*, to those unacquainted with its position and interest in the drama, was considered an offensively noisy and unmeaning piece of vague vocal music and totally unfit for a concert-room. We, however, listened to it with pleasure; and with our knowledge of the opera, supplied the absence of the stage-lamps, midnight-bell, and trap-door, by the exercise of our imagination under the excitement of the expressive melodies and powerful harmonic effects of the composer. Although the accompaniments to some of the vocal music were at times faulty, Loder is a pains-taking leader, and in conjunction with his able co-adjutor, Moscheles, he materially contributed to the well-going of the best orchestral performances given this season at these concerts. There are obstacles to improvement in the discipline of the Philharmonic band, to which we shall very shortly draw attention in a separate article.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are therefore not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

Concert.—On Wednesday evening, May 29th, the Shefford Harmonic Society's Concert took place. The room was not capacious enough to contain the highly respectable assemblage it brought together. The performances went off with enthusiastic acclamation. The instrumental department was led by a Mr. Bart, a very superior violinist, who is likely to become a resident in Shefford; the second violins being Messrs. Morris and Gaye. The commencing overture was *Artaxerxes*, which was performed in a style that prepared the audience for a rich musical treat. Tancredi was also performed with great spirit. But the choicest overture of the evening was Beethoven's *Men of Prometheus*, which was played with an effect that perfectly thrilled the audience. A concertante duett by Mayseder, was performed by Miss Johnson and Mr. Bart in excellent style. The vocal department was not less successful. The glees were sung by Messrs. Johnson, Brown, and Stafford, and elicited great applause; and Mr. Stafford's comic songs were rapturously encored. Mr. Brown's songs were tastefully sung and well received, and Mr. Johnson sung with his usual success. This Concert being the last of the series, notice was given that they would be continued, and, a gratifying announcement, that in a short time a new and commodious room would be erected. These spirited amateurs have persevered hitherto under the greatest disadvantages, the present room being not at all adapted for musical effect.—*Northampton Herald.*

The Distin Family.—This interesting and talented family gave the first of two Concerts in the Assembly Rooms, Tholsel, yesterday the 15th. Notwithstanding the panegyrics which our metropolitan and provincial contemporaries have, within the last few weeks, bestowed on the extraordinary proficiency which the Distins have attained in the use of brass instruments, we are free to admit that we were somewhat sceptical: as, however, in this instance, "hearing is believing," we do not now hesitate to add our humble meed in *trumpeting* fame so well deserved. With a knowledge that perseverance will overcome great difficulties, we are led to admire Mr. Distin's excellence, rather as the result of indefatigable exertions than as wonderful natural ability; but it must be otherwise with regard to his children, the eldest of whom has scarcely reached manhood, and the youngest but just in his teens, who possess almost all the talent of their father without a possibility of having had a fourth of his practice—a fact alike creditable to each, proving as it does the efficiency of the tutor and the surprising capabilities of his pupils. Two solos by Mr. H. Distin ("Ciel Pietoso," on the French horn, and Balfe's favourite air, "The Light of other days," on a walking-stick cornetto) were most beautifully played, and deservedly well received, as also "The Echo Hunting duett," with Mr. W. Distin. We must not, however, be so ungallant as to omit all notice of the ladies, who contributed in no slight degree towards our amusement:—Miss Eliza Hamilton, by the delightful manner in which she warbled forth some of our admired national melodies, and Mrs. Distin by her admirable accompaniments to the piano. Miss Hamilton's voice is a soprano of much power, not deficient in sweetness, and, only excepting Mrs. Wood, she sings "Savourneen Dheelish," better than any one we have ever heard: while she displays versatility, such as we have seldom met with, in "Let the Bright Seraphim," and an Italian *bravura* "Di piacer mi balza il cor."—*Kilkenny Moderator.*

OMNIANA.

ELISIR D'AMORE.—Donizetti's new opera, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, was composed under singular circumstances. Being at Milan, at the end of the season of 1834, which from various reasons had proved a very disastrous one, the director of the Scala entreated Donizetti to *improviser* an opera to save him from ruin. He consented, and it was agreed upon that the poet, who was to furnish the verses, and the composer, were to be shut up in a room, and that no one was to have access to them till the work was completed, and they were to give it over to the actors, musicians, and copyists piece by piece, so that it might be learned, and no delay be occasioned. The opera was composed, learnt, and played in twenty days, and met with the greatest success. The same thing happened to Rossini with one of his best operas, which proves that necessity is the *tenth* muse.

LESSON TO SINGERS.—Of all the English singing-masters of the last century, no one was so attentive to that first of vocal excellences, *articulation*, as Dr. Arne. His favourite scholar, Miss Brent, afterwards Mrs. Pinto, and the original *Mandane*, was more remarkable for the distinctness of her pronunciation than any British *prima donna* that has since appeared. The acquisition, however, was made at the expense of infinite labour to the tutor, and no small mortification to the pupil. What he would only allow to be difficult, she would often pronounce to be impossible; but he never relaxed in his exactions of her application, till his success convinced her of her mistake. On one occasion, the lady gave at once a striking proof of her impatience and her taste. Exasperated with fatigue, she absolutely refused to practise any longer a particular song, in which the Doctor was anxious she should be perfect; upon which he threatened to find another singer for her intended part in *Artaxerxes*. The menace was no sooner uttered than she burst into tears, and said she would rather practise night and day, till she pleased him in the song, than not be one of the performers of the exquisite music of that opera, about one half of which was then composed.

The following is in the main true; but as the writer well observes, the opinions of those who are "native and to the manner born" on such subjects, must ever be taken *cum grano salis*—

"In the general dearth of information which we believe prevails on the subject, we yet think that we cannot be much mistaken in claiming a very high degree of relative praise for the national music of our own country. The opinions of Scotchmen on such a question, may be suspected of bias, but the testimony of high and impartial authorities has been repeatedly given to the same effect. The Scottish music is extensive and various, and in every department possesses unquestionable merit. Our dancing tunes have a spirit and force unrivalled to our ear by any other music, and so electrically fitted to rouse the national fervour and enthusiasm, that we doubt not they will ere long regain their legitimate ascendancy in the ball-room. Our humorous airs have an eminent power of clever or grotesque merriment. Our serious melodies are often highly polished and graceful; and those of a plaintive character are as exquisitely pathetic as the most finished compositions of the greatest masters. Taken all in all, we are not convinced that there is any other body of national music in the world that surpasses that of Scotland in force, in character, in versatility, or in genius. We certainly feel not a little exultation at our superiority in this respect over our neighbours of England, to whom we are willing to bow with a proud humility in many other subjects of competition, but whom, we rejoice to think, we can always out-do in the matter of mountains and music. We are far from denying to the English the praise of musical feeling, and we are grateful for the great contributions which, by their regular and scientific compositions, they have made to the general stock of musical pleasure. Not to enumerate the early madrigal and canon writers of England, who were equally remarkable for their talent, learning and ingenuity, or to refer to her ancient church music, which will always command admiration, the country that owns Purcell for her son, and can boast of Handel for her foster-child, deserves one of the highest places among modern nations in the scale of musical genius. But we are here speaking of that aboriginal or self-sown music which is referable to no individual author, or school of authors, but seems to be the fruit of the very soil itself, and reveals, by the raciness of its character, the peculiar qualities of its native bed. In point of national music, properly so called, we think ourselves entitled to claim the advantage over our southern countrymen. The English have, undoubtedly, a national music, and we see

with interest the present progress of an elegant and judicious collection of their melodies under the direction of Mr. Chapell. But although recognising the great spirit and sweetness of many of the English airs, we think that, as far as we have yet seen, few or none of them exhibit those decided features either of antiquity or of peculiar origin by which our Scottish airs are so strikingly marked."—*Blackwood*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We seldom take up an Irish provincial paper, in which the old-fashioned custom of the "poet's-corner" is preserved, without being struck with the facility of, and aptitude for versification which seems indigenous to the green isle. The following is chosen at random from a heap of others—and, whatever may be thought of its merit, it cannot be denied the meed of fancy:—

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Fill up! and drink the toast I give,
Without a sigh, without a tear—
For, though we loved them, should we grieve,
Because no more they sorrow here?
With cares are *we* still doom'd to cope;
But *they* from earthly cares have fled;
No longer feel they fear or hope—
For CERTAINTY is with the Dead!

We sported mid the golden flowers
That bloom'd about the path of youth;
We laugh'd away the sunny hours
That bore off early joy and truth;
Where are those rainbow pleasures now?
Those flowers through which we used to tread?
An answering gloom upon each brow
Too sadly says—"they're with the Dead!"

The grave's repose the loved ones feel;
From earth's delusions they are free;
And if a tear should downward steal,
As shapes enshrined in memory
Arise around the widow'd heart,
That silent tear should not be shed
Because Fate bade *them* hence depart,
But that *we* are not with the dead!

Companions! since the best are gone,
And life's enchantment groweth less,
Perchance each thinks *himself* alone,
And feels as in a wilderness;
But *equally* we've mourn'd some loss—
Have, weeping, watch'd some sufferer's bed—
Have hung, in agony, across
The coffin of the early dead!

Then *one* can tell what *all* may think
Of life, its promise and its blight;
And though no separate pang will sink
In common feeling, we'll unite
In calling from the lonely tomb
The forms to recollection wed—
Oh, could they at our bidding come
How soon should we behold the dead!

Yet who would bring the friends he had,
 Again to scenes so sorrow-fraught—
 Where even fancy, when most glad
 And free, must feel the curb of thought?
 They rest, and though they were so dear
 That once for them our hearts had bled,
 Without a sigh, without a tear,
 We'll toast—"The Memory of the Dead!"

VESTRIS.—The future lessee of Covent Garden Theatre is preparing for her campaign *con spirito*. Knowles has a retaining fee of 100*l.* to write a comedy, and equally liberal terms await its completion. Jerrold also is invited to write; and Shakspeare's comedies are to be revived in a style, and on a scale which will compete with Macready's revival of his tragedies.

DAVID left London on Tuesday, to lead at the Lubeck festival.

BOCHSA.—This *harpiste* has returned from "doing the provinces."

ON DIT.—It is said then, that the lady of a recently created Bachelor of Music has been wandering so long in the country with a French felon, that she has forgotten to return to her husband. Rumour also asserts that she is about to take to the stage as to a profession in which such little absences of mind are sure to create an *interest* in the public.

THALBERG.—This marvellous among the most marvellous pianistes, is said to have improved upon his former wonders since his two years' absence from this country. We are happy to know that he is in the enjoyment of excellent health.

AUBER.—A three act opera has recently been put into this composer's hands, to be ready for the winter. Cinti Damoreau is to sustain the principal character.

SPONTINI.—This eminent individual has been elected by a large majority, to the place made vacant in the *Institute* by the death of Paer.

PAULINE GARCIA.—The director of the Italian Opera at Paris has secured the services of this lady for the ensuing season.

THE OPERA COMIQUE.—A new one-act opera just produced at this very delightful place of amusement, has won all sorts of praises from the Parisian critics, both for the composer, M. Montfort, and for a new singer of the name of Mocker. The latter has succeeded triumphantly. The opera is entitled *Polichinelle*.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to our high editorial resolve to give in future no notice of any metropolitan concert, not previously advertised in those pages we so graciously allow for such sublunary matters. Also we will them to know (constrained thereto by the requests which each post brings) that the puffing system is inadmissible. Likewise give we note of warning, that advertisements received after two o'clock on the Wednesday afternoon, cannot be inserted in the current number.—Ed. M. W.

Notices of the performances of Handel's Oratorio of Joshua, at Exeter Hall, and of Mr. Carte's *Soirée* in our next.

NEW VOCAL MUSIC.—SONGS AND BALLADS.

Title.	Writer.	Composer.	s. d.
Leave us Not.....	Mrs. Hemans.....	E. J. Nielson.....	2 0
Come, the Moon Plays on the Rose.....	H. Halpin.....	J. P. Knight.....	2 0
Old Time is Still a Flying.....	R. Herick.....	Ditto.....	2 0
I Moura not the Forest.....	Bishop Heber.....	E. J. Nielson.....	2 0
When Eyes are Beaming.....	Ditto.....	Ditto.....	1 6
The Happy Home.....	Clas. Swain.....	Ditto.....	2 0
England! Glorious Name.....	R. Howitt.....	E. J. Westropp.....	2 0
Away in thy Beauty, Away.....	Ditto.....	G. F. Harris.....	2 0
The Wreckers.....	W. H. Baker.....	W. Aspull.....	2 6
Art Thou Not Dear.....	Moore.....	Ditto.....	2 0
The Winter's lone Beautiful Rose.....	Mrs. Opie.....	Ditto.....	2 0
The Maid of Lucerne.....	M. Barnett.....	A. Lee.....	2 0
The Fairy Queen.....	Shakespeare.....	C. H. Purday.....	2 0
Our Fireside at Home.....	G. Macfarren.....	G. A. Macfarren.....	2 0
I saw him on the Mountain.....	J. Bird.....	John Barnett.....	2 0

DUETS.

The Hour Glass.....	Mrs. Hemans.....	R. Sutton.....	2 0
Sunbeam of Summer.....	Ditto.....	V. Bellini.....	2 0
Switzerland, dear Switzerland.....	Carpenter.....	J. Blewitt.....	2 0
O, Softly rise, Bright Summer Moon.....	Ditto.....	T. B. Phipps.....	2 0
No More the Siren Voice of Love.....	Ditto.....	V. Bellini.....	2 0
Listen to Me (Cachuca).....	W. Ball.....	E. J. Westropp.....	2 0

GLEES FOR TWO SOPRANOS AND BASS.

Go Boy, and Weave.....	G. Sonne.....	W. West.....	2 0
Up, Rosalie.....	Ditto.....	Ditto.....	2 0
The Ocean King.....	H. Firm.....	Ditto.....	2 6
The Haaf Fishers.....	Sir W. Scott.....	Ditto.....	2 0
The Lonely Isle.....	Ditto.....	C. E. Horn.....	2 6
Up, Quit thy Bower.....	Johanna Baillie.....	T. Attwood.....	2 6
The Mountain Cot.....	Ditto.....	W. Richards.....	2 0

Published by Z. T. Purday, 45, High Holborn.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY,
EXETER HALL.

ON Friday, June 28, will be performed Handel's Oratorio, Joshua. Principal performers—Miss Birch, Miss Wyndham, Mr. Willing, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Phillips. The Band and Chorus will consist of 500 Performers. Tickets Three Shillings each. Reserved Seats. Five Shillings, may be had of the Principal Music-sellers, and of Mr. Ries, 102, Strand, opposite Exeter Hall. T. BREWER, Hon. Sec.

A HANDSOME CHAMBER ORGAN for Sale, with two complete rows of Keys, a separate Swell and a general Swell.

The Organ contains two Reed Stops, besides the usual Stops, and is suitable for a small Chapel or Concert Room. Price 160 Guineas.

For further particulars apply to Mr. Bishop, Organ-builder, Lisson Grove.

ANCIENT ENGLISH BALLADS, &c., WITH THE ORIGINAL TUNES.

JUST PUBLISHED. Part II. of a Collection of English National Airs, consisting of Ancient Song and Ballad Tunes, &c., interspersed with Anecdote with particulars of their Origin, and proofs of their Age and Nationality. The Airs harmonized for the Pianoforte by Dr. Crotch, J. A. Wade, and G. A. Macfarren. Edited by W. Chappell. Price 12s.

“A valuable and interesting contribution, not only to the music of this country, but to its literature.”—Morning Chronicle, Sept. 20.

“A valuable and highly interesting work, evincing great research and unwearied industry.”—Spectator, Sept. 22.

Published by Chappell, 50, New Bond Street, and Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court.

MR. THALBERG has the honour to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and his Friends, that he will give a GRAND MORNING CONCERT, on Monday next, June 24, at the Hanover Square Rooms, to commence at Two o'clock. On which occasion he will make his first appearance in this country after an absence of two years. Vocalists—Mesdames Dorus Gras, Stockhausen, Meerti, Rudersdorff, Bildstein, Miss F. Wyndham, Miss Woodyatt, Signori Ivanoff, F. Lablache, and Balfé. M. Thalberg will perform three new pieces of his own composition, viz.: a New Grand Fantasia, introducing the Serenade and the Minuet from Mozart's Don Giovanni; a New Andante; and a new Grand Fantasia introducing the favourite “Romance and Chorus of Bards,” from La Donna del Lago. Mr. J. B. Chatterton a Fantasia on the Harp. Mr. Richardson a Solo on the Flute. Tickets 10s. 6d. each, and 8s. all 21s. each, to be had of Mori and Lavena, 28, New Bond Street, Cramer and Co., Regent Street, and all Music Sellers.

GRAY'S IMPROVED CHURCH BARREL ORGANS, in which the defects of the Ordinary Barrel Organs are entirely obviated.

No. 1, in a handsome Case, 10 feet high with gilt pipes..... 60 Guineas
No. 2, ditto, size larger..... 70 Guineas
No. 3, ditto, ditto..... 90 Guineas
The Instrument may be inspected at the Factory, 9, New Road, Fitzroy Square.

HENRY HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall, East, where all communications for the Editor, Works for Review, and Advertisements are received.—R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row.—G. BERGER, Holywell Street, Strand, and the following Agents:—

ALDRIDGE, Regent Street.
CHAPPELL, Bond Street.
CRAMER, ADDISON, and BEALE, Regent Street.
DALMAINE, and Co., Soho Square.
DUFF and HODGSON, Oxford Street.
GEORGE and MANBY, Fleet Street.
J. KEEGAN, Burlington Arcade.

JOHANNING, 122, Great Portland Street.
MILLS, Bond Street.
OLLIVIER, Bond Street.
T. E. PURDAY, St. Paul's Church Yard.
Z. T. PURDAY, High Holborn.
SIMPSON, Regent Street.

London: Printed by JOHN LEIGHTON, at his Printing Office, 11, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, June 10th, 1859.